are the creator of that flower. Each day for several months I had the pleasure of greeting the newcomers and the old bull pen became a very popular spot.

After a year or so I had to transplant the seedlings since they were becoming quite crowded and again I had trouble finding a place for them. I finally gave away about half and planted the rest around our old plantation house and along the road leading to it.

This year I selected and grafted about 16 varieties of what I consider the best, and had very good luck. I also planted some cuttings to see if they will grow on their own roots.

Some day we hope to attend some of the lovely shows we read about and get good advise from the experts. At present we are much too busy growing fruits and vegetables and Hibiscus.

Sincerely,
Kai Lawaetz

-O-

Treating a recognized Red like a gentleman is like mistaking a bumblebee for a blackberry.

-O-

LETTER OF THANKS from Florida State Prison

Dear Folks:

Our task is a never ending one. Each day more men are committed to our institution. We can but keep on keeping on.

After several years of experience in Garden Therapy attempting to rehabilatate men the results have been most gratifying. True we have made many changes, but one big contributing factor has and will remain constant and that is; "Magazines provide the best source

(next page)

of current information about Ornamental Horticulture".

The contribution your magazine has made could not be measured, for in addition to obtaining current Horticultural information it has much Theraputic value as recreation reading.

For us to say "thank you" would be putting it mildly. In humility we are grateful, for this segment of our training would be a void were it not for fine folks like you. Yes we can still use your magazine complimentary and we say thanks.

Sincerely,
M. B. Jordan
Teacher, Vocational
Agriculture

-O-

EVERGLADES NURSERY INC.
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One early Spring morning a snail started to climb a cherry tree. He was inching his way up when a smart-alec beetle stuck his head out of a crack in the tree and said, "Hey, y'dope, you're knocking yourself out for nothing. There ain't no cherries up there."

"Don't let it worry you, bub," snapped the snail. "There will be when I get there."